GARLAND,

Compoſed of Five excellent

NEW SONGS.

1. Ready Money.
2. The Tankard of Ale.
3. Jack the Sailor.
4. The Downright Lover.
5. A new ſong.

Licenſed and entered according to order.

READY MONEY.

ONCE on a time I walked forth,
Much like unto a ranger;
I ſaid unto myſelf alone,
I thought I was no ſtranger:
But I'll go ſeek out for a friend,
If that I can find out any
But I'll conclude with you my friend,
There's none like Ready money.
Since on a time I tir'd my horſe,
When I was on a travel,
My money being ſpent and gone,
It gave to me the Gravel;
Aloud I did for a friend call,
For things I wanted many,
But nothing I could find at all
Without the Ready money.
So in ſhort time I return'd again,
Becauſe I was a Debtor,
With more Money than before,
The times they were got better:
They called me an honeſt man,
When I had paid them every penny;
The Landlord he would with me join
When he ſaw my Ready money.
Suppoſe that I ſhould want a Miſs
When I ſit here ſo merry,
Then ſhe comes in ſilken dreſs,
She'll drink both ſack and ſherry:

How

How ſhe loves me, ſhe'll hug and kiſs,
And call me her dear honey,
As long as ſhe ſhall ſee great ſtore,
And plenty of Ready money.
So let a man be where he will,
And where he has occaſion,
In City, Town, or Country Place,
Or in ſome other Nation.
He will be as well look'd upon,
And entertain'd as any,
As long as he can pay his Score,
And down with Ready money.
So pray my friends be rul'd by me,
I'd have you to be wary,
For money is a welcome Gueſt,
The welcomeſt Gueſt of any.
So never be ſo free to call,
When you are on a Journey.
For nothing you can have at all
Without the Ready money.

The Tankard of Ale.

NOT drunk nor yet ſober, but brother to both,
I met a young man upon *Aleſbury* vale,
I ſaw in his face that he was in good caſe,
To go and take ſhare of a tankard of ale,
I ſaw, &c. Fal, lal.

There's the Hedger that works in the ditches all day
And labours ſo hard at the Plough-tail,
He will talk about things, about princes and kings,
When once he ſhakes hands with a tankard of al.

There's the Begger that begs from door to door,
She has ſcarce got a Rag for to cover her tail;
She's as merry in Rags as a miſer with bags,
When once ſhe ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale.
There's the widow who buried her Huſband of late,
Has ſcarcely forgot for to weep and to wail;
But thinks every day ten till ſhe's married again,
When once ſhe ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale.
There's the old parſon's clark, whoſe eyes are ſo dark
And the Letter ſo ſmall that he ſcarcely can tell;
But he can tell ev'ry Letter, and ſing a Song better,
When once he ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale,
From wrangling or jangling or all other ſtrife,
Or any thing elſe that can happen to fail, (Noſe,
From words comes to blows, and we make bloody
But are friends again over a tankard of ale.
But Friends, &c. Fal.

Jack the Sailor:

THERE liv'd of late in our town,
As I have heard them telling;
As briſk a Laſs as e'er was ſeen,
Which ſhew'd ſhe was full willing,
Mamma, ſays ſhe, I'll get a man,
To eaſe me of my ſorrow,
And I'll get one to Night if I can,
I'll not ſtay while to Morrow.
O Daughter dear you are too young,
Your Maidenhead's in danger,
Why will you looſe your virtue then,
And be an errant ranger,

But looſe it with a luſty man,
That never will refuſe it:
If he ſhould trick you in the Nick,
You're ſafe and ſure to looſe it.

As ſhe was walking out one day,
It was to take the pleaſant Air,
When John the Sailor ſhe did meet,
To him thoſe words ſhe did declare,
My Mamma ſays I am too young,
My Maidenhead's in danger,
But if I meet a luſty man,
I'll not employ a ſtranger.

So honeſt John, as you are neat,
I hope you will be willing,
To ſtich it and make it compleat,
And I will give you a Shilling,
Aye, that I will, replied John,
With a Needle long and ſtrong,
And with ſome of the fineſt ſilk,
Becauſe you're young and tender.

So John he laid her on the Graſs,
And ſtraight he fell to ſewing,
Before he had taken a ſlice or two,
She cry'd John, what are you doing
I am ſlicing of your Roſe, my dear,
I hope there is no danger;
Your Needle's ſwift, and John I'm glad
That I've employ'd no ſtranger.

Pray John do me the other,
And win another ſhilling;
I've no more ſilk replied John,
You ſix long yards got willing,
Could you raiſe one needle-full more,
Out of your too large buttons, John?
To be this ſlic'd for evermore,
I ſhould not think the time too long.

The downright lover.

BEhold deareſt Nancy yon garden ſo fair,
So uſeful the harbour, ſo pleaſant the air;
See the trees how they are clad with April's lovely green,
And lovers for pleaſure a walking are ſeen.

See the meadows and fields with what beauty they grow,
And the clear limped ſtreams uninterruptedly flow;
See the innocent lambs how they chearfully play,
Whilſt their dams on the banks a ſun-burning lay.

In the air hear the birds with ſweet warbling throats,
All praiſing their maker with the ſweeteſt of notes;
See the lark in the morning as ſoon as 'tis light,
With ſtretched out wings to the ſky takes his flight.

See the cowſlips and violets adorn the green banks,
And plentifully growing in regular ranks;
Nothing is there wanting to make it look neat,
But you my dear Nancy, then all is compleat.

Suppoſe that for pleaſure we ſhould take a walk,
Around yonder grove, and let love be our talk;
What ſay you my fair one? to you I'll reſign,
What pleaſes thy fancy ſhall always pleaſe mine.

I would ſcorn to be rude, my thoughts I'll employ,
To drive away that which a thought would annoy;
I am plain and downright as a lover ſhould be,
I hate to be flatter'd, and love to be free.

A new Song.

AS walking through Covent Garden,
It was late all in the Night,
I eſpy'd a charming creature,
Whoſe Beauty ſhin'd ſo bright;
I aſk'd her for a kiſs,
I gave her hand a ſqueeze,
Kind ſir, ſhe ſaid, I am a maid,
I pray do not me teaze,
Fal lal.

I took her to a tavern,
I call'd for ale and wine,
I ſwore I wou'd ne'er forſake her,
If that ſhe wou'd be mine.
Her Shoes were crimſon velvet,
Her Stockings were of ſilk,
Her Smock as fine as any lawn,
Her Skin as white as milk.

I ſaid my charming creature,
And ſhall I lay you down?
O no, kind ſir, be civil,
I would not for half a crown.
I claſp'd my hand about her,
So cloſe ſhe could not ſtir,
She bluſh'd and ſaid, I am a maid,
Don't then teaze too far.

The Game being quickly over,
And I had got my Deſire;
Full ſoon I did diſcover,
She had ſet me all on fire;

Which

Which made me for to curſe her
And ever after ſwore,
I'd never kiſs a maid again,
I had rather kiſs a Whore.

If my Pappa ſhould hear it,
That I was hear ſo late,
My Mamma ſhe would chide me,
And that would be my Fate
My Father he's a Teacher,
My Brother's a holy one,
My Mother ſhe's a Quaker,
And I a Puritan.

When firſt I did behold her,
She ſeem'd both coy and nice,
She made my chops to water,
Thinking I had got a Prize.
I often times have thought it,
But now I find it's true,
This little naſty pimping whore,
Was one of wapping's crew.

O the pleaſures of the woman,
To bear her company,
When with her voice ſhe pleaſes,
And tales of love comply,
When her eyes begin to twinkle,
And virtue moves her ſoul,
Then you'll adore the pretty girl,
And love will you controul.

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